

# The Pocahontas Times.

If thou wouldst read a lesson that will keep thy heart from halting and thy soul from sleep. Go to the woods and hills.—Longfellow.

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## NOT A SQUIRREL

The Ground Squirrel is not a Squirrel in the True Meaning of the Word.

Belongs to the Family of Store-keepers, and Science Stands Between the Farmer and the Overzealous Warden

A Fourth of July Outing.

An article which appeared in this paper some weeks ago in relation to the new game law's apparent protection of the ground squirrel was read by a naturalist, who informed us that grave doubts

that the ground squirrel was a squirrel at all, in case the question ever came to be a live issue.

He furnished us the following table:

Genus Sciurus, includes red squirrel, Carolina gray squirrel and squirrel niger, fox squirrel.

Genus Tamias, includes The ground squirrel.

Genus Spermophilus, includes the prairie dog, or barking squirrel.

It would seem then that the ground squirrel has not been classed as a squirrel by naturalists. The wolf and the dog have been put in the one class i. e. canis, but the fox is of the genus vulpes. We might then say that the ground squirrel differs from the true squirrel as a fox differs from a dog and far more than a dog does from a wolf. It would hardly be argued that a price on wolf scalps would include dogs though that argument was used once in this county.

The most charitable in that instance held that it was an effort to defraud the county by palming off a dog's scalp for a wolf when the latter was worth \$12 and much shame has inured to the third and fourth generations of that ancient grafter.

In case then any game warden should be inclined to be over zealous in regard to the killing of a ground squirrel science would step in, remove the shackles and set the prisoner free.

The squirrel, proper, gets his name from the Greek words *skia* and *oura* a tail. The ground squirrel is called *Tamias* from the Greek word for store-keeper.

The cheekpouches with which store-keeper is fitted out separate it from the squirrel. It is also intended to remain upon the ground and it burrows in the earth. I have heard the question discussed whether the store-keeper can climb a tree, but personal observation has proved to my satisfaction that it can. I once saw a ground squirrel on a perpendicular tree at least thirty feet from the ground. I do not know that this instance should count for so much, however, as a terrier pup had closely pursued the animal and it just had to climb that tree.

It is called the Hackee, Chipping Squirrel and Chipmunk. The last is the Indian name and represents the sound which it makes.

It is one of the most beautiful of animals. It is brownish gray and orange and has five longitudinal black stripes and two yellowish white streaks.

As the hunter grows up and becomes dangerous the store keeper is generally the first thing to fall to his bow and spear. When in danger it will make the most desperate efforts to reach its burrow where it is protected from nearly every enemy. I dug one out once but it was about a half a day's work and my curiosity was fully satisfied.

The store keeper can never be successfully domesticated. It will remain sullen and generally dies soon in captivity.

I once watched one at its work nearly all summer near my house and observed it made long excursions to the woods and came back with a swelled face, carrying things to store away. One day the cat brought it in, and played with it for a time. The store-keeper seemed paralyzed with fear but when a number of persons gathered around to watch the novel sight, the squirrel ran between

my feet and got away.

Later in the season the cat was older and wiser and captured it again and brought it in dead and eat it. Fate had appointed a receiver for the poor store keeper.

The ground squirrel seems to be the connecting link between the squirrel tribe and the marmots. The ground hog is a conspicuous member of the family of marmots.

A Fourth of July Outing.

The Fourth of July, 1903, will long be remembered by a party of young people who drove to the old battle ground on Top of Alleghany. As the sun was throwing his hot beams over all nature and dispelling the darkness of the night, all nature seemed to be shouting with joy. At the little station of Travelers Repose and down the fertile valley, on the hilltops and in the meadow fields could be heard the merry chatter and laughter as the party congregated from different points. Those making up the company were Misses Maude and Grace Burner, Gertie, Mamie and Lucy Yeager, Rhoda Tacy and Fanny Boesia; Olin, Norlie and Walter Burner, Fied and Clint Yeager, Roe Wagner, Joe Steele, Rob Oliver, Forrest Honchin. They were chaperoned by Mr and Mrs Cassel Kellar. At 8 o'clock the party started off and after a journey of twelve miles Top of Alleghany was reached, where a vast outlay of rugged hills with intervening valleys were presented to view. Disembarking at a spring in a shady grove table cloths were spread. Twelve baskets were found loaded with good things, beside the big cake of ice and large number of lemons brought along. Even the fragments that remained were enough to feed a multitude.

In a ramble among the hills the old Yeager burying ground was visited. Here sleep many of the pioneer fathers, and if we mistake not, a number of the soldiers who died at camp and in battle at Top of Alleghany, have found resting places here.

A drive was taken to the Virginia State Line. Rain overtook us here and all speed was made to John Beverage's where arrangements had been made for a supper which was greatly enjoyed.

After eating all retired to the sitting room where a very pleasant evening was spent in harmless amusements until the nearing of the Holy Sabbath warned us to bethink ourselves homeward. All wish to express their thanks in no small measure to this happy family for their kind hospitality.

Every one reached home safely and were in the arms of sleep before the wee small hours.

It was a glorious Fourth well spent. We trust we all of us may be able to meet again next year, but if not then we may gather where congregations never break up.

W. E. A.

A Matter of Skunks.

There is a suggestion in the letter sent to the Post Office department that should not be lost on the officials in Washington.

The missive comes from a Michigan farmer who lives on a rural free delivery route, and who was badly troubled by skunks that insisted on making a summer resi-

stance out of his mail box. He wants the Fourth Assistant Postmaster General to come up and clean the skunks out, but it is hardly to be expected that the gentleman will make the trip until he has cleaned out the other skunks in the mail boxes nearer home.

Big Oil Well Struck.

Kelley well No. 2 on Bond Creek has just come in today bearing a 150 barrel producer. This is the largest oil well ever struck in Wirt county up until today. The flow of gas and oil cannot be checked on the Copen farm.

LOST: Between Marlinton and W. Mc Clintic's, June 17, 1903, a small, brown leather purse with a single clasp. Between \$35 and \$40 in bills: \$20, a \$10 and several \$1 bills. Liberal reward.

Naomi A. Kennison,

Buckeye, W. Va.

## NOTES BY THE WAY.

From an Outing to Upper Pocahontas.

Third Paper.—A Much Enjoyed Excursion. The Sarvis Gatherer.

"This advice I give to all  
When I'm dead;  
Be sure you are right  
Then go ahead."

Such a Davy Crockettism was

getting in its work while I was preparing for the pedestrian jaunt whose story I am about to relate.

—ways were available and my venerable host solicited for my septuagenarian joints and bones rather emphatically suggested that I should take the road that had no gates or gaps though something longer than the other way.

Besides too it is the public road and the showers last night have made it like a c'mly watered street. No fences to climb and no bars to pull down, all is plain and safe walking. I a la Crockett inquired as to the bars and fences confronting one's walking over the intervening pastures. As to fences I draw the line at nothing less than fifteen rail's high and as for bars nothing too heavy has ever been put up, anywhere in this region noted for white pine poles. Nothing but wet grass will be considered as an obstacle.

Well if that is the case as you put it, you can risk it over the fields, and I will go with you to the first bars, and give you directions for the rest of the way.

Putting on my duster and taking in hand valise and umbrella, I started on the way of my preference, attended by my devoted octogenarian solicitor friend, who relieved me of all apprehensions of having made a mistaken choice when he examined the grass and found it well dried off.

Impelled by his innate politeness he had the bars down before I could be ready with a helping hand. These bars were nicely trimmed white pine poles, light as feathers and straight as the lances held by Knights Errant when equipped for the tournament. I was however with unsworn celerity of movement able to get in some assistance in putting up the bars.

To guide me in my further progress my friend pointed out a cherry tree whose umbrageous adornment was the ornament of the landscape and made the tree as conspicuous among its companions as a lady's hat of the girl of seventeen years in my opinion are simply sublime. May our Heavenly Father in His infinite love give some one of His most faithful angels charge concerning her and realize her hopes and fond desires for improvement. May there be many more such daughters to gladden parental hearts, all over our lovely county of Pocahontas, the gem of the West Virginia Hills in my estimation, at least. After this my attention was attracted by a chorus of juvenile voices such as one rarely hears in a life time, especially in the woods. There were yellings, screaming, shrieks, and cries such as strong youngsters of both sexes can make when they can be where joy is unconfined and rural freedom reigns supreme. Threading my way through the bushes to see what was up, I found a group of boys and girls gathering berries. I am at my wits end as to what to call the berries. At a venture however I will say "sarsaparilla."

Two or three of the larger boys were climbing the tall saplings with a prehensile dexterity, that was forcibly suggestive of a popular scientific theory that has been and still is a storm center for tempestuous debate on the higher realms of scientific discussion.

At the tree and shaded by its large cherry tree I have noticed this season and around the base were piled the paraphernalia of a baseball team ready for the use of the sporty youths and maidens whose presence so frequently enlivens the scene.

I volunteered the opinion that other licks beside those struck with the bats are in evidence, when the game is on.

Spending some moments admiring the velvety turf underfoot and the charming scenery unfolded far and near, so sweet and clean, from the recent showers so copiously sprinkled during the night I started off to have it over with the fence, that was so much in mind, when the question was up as to where now stands.

Upon coming to the back of Deer Creek, the foot log was gone, but before I had time to re-

turn to the desperado venture of wading a stream three or four inches in depth, Capt. Hanna

with his buggy hove in sight and I soon I was where the red rambler, rose blooms, and where sweet prospects and sweet birds make the outgoings of the morning and evenings rejoice.

On the home stretch from Green Bank to Cass my driving companion was Samuel Hanna, Jr., Misses Mattie Hevener and Mary Hanna were along, their buggy horse being the same white one that figured in the apparition previously mentioned. My young friend had been to a noted school in the lower Valley of Virginia and at some time during the session heard a sermon that had impressed him very forcibly as one of the most interesting he ever heard the text was "And Peter," Mark 16:7. The discussion of that sermon led to an interchange of views that would require several columns of the Times to do full justice and may be deferred to some other issue.

In due time the train for Marlinton was boarded and when I reached there I was well nigh dazed with sad surprise by hearing that one of my "pet girls" had just been married and had her

face to the setting sun at her home in the State of Washington and I may never see her lovely face again. I hope and pray there may be millions of girls good as Ada Beard, but none better have ever come my way. W. T. P.

## A Bear Chase.

Marlinton came very near being overrun by a bear last week. As Clark Kellison was going to Beaver Dam he came to the George Simon's place and caught a glimpse of a bear Tuesday morning. His dog gave chase and the bear left those parts.

Early in the afternoon J. R. Moore saw it coming down Buck's Mountain in the direction of Marlinton and about a half a mile distant. It turned and passed close by Ewing Johnson's garden in which Mrs. Johnson was working. It then turned and passing between Aaron Moore's and G. M. Johnson's houses climbed the Mountain. James Sharp, hounds were secured and a pack of seven put on its track but they ran it short distance. Snoden Johnson thinks he saw it in the Jericho flats about dusk that evening. Bears are evidently on the increase about the headwaters of Cranberry and Williams River.

At some places in the woods there

they have left signs of grubbing up roots and digging for ants

equal to a drove of hogs. Jas. L. Sheets lost a calf which he thinks

a bear must have destroyed.

## Diaz Nominated.

President Diaz has been nominated for the Presidency of Mexico. He has no opposition and his election is a forgone conclusion.

He has held the position every since the overthrow of the Emperor Maximilian in 1868, shortly after the close of the civil war.

President Diaz led the revolution at the time which terminated in the unfortunate execution of Maximilian.